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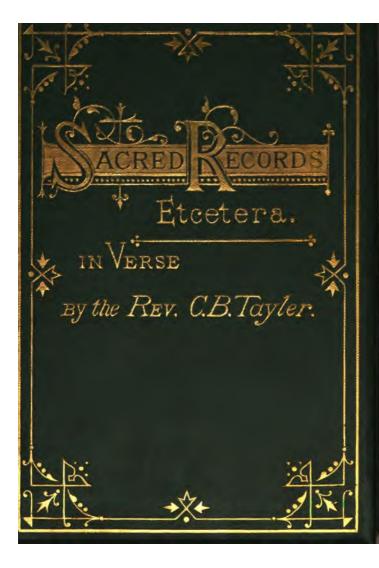
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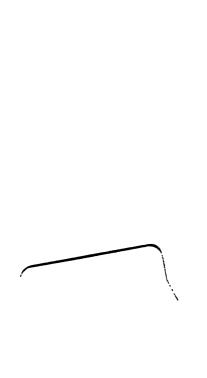
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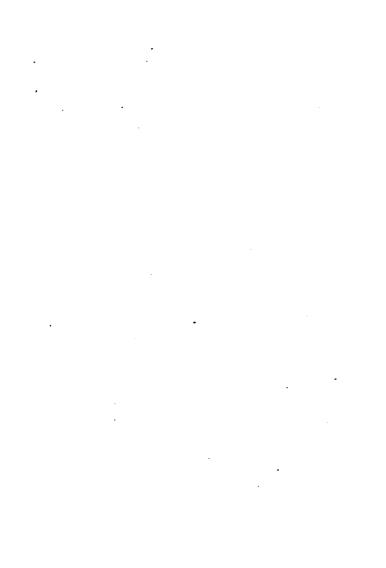












SACRED RECORDS



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SACRED RECORDS

ETC.

In Berse

BY

CHARLES B. TAYLER, M.A.

RECTOR OF OTLEY, SUFFOLK.

Author of "Records of a Good Man's Life,"

"All things do serve Thee here,
All creatures, great and small
Make use of me, of me, my God,
The meanest of them all."

-Horatius Bonar

LONDON
SAMPSON LOW, MARSTON, LOW, & SEARLE
1872

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147. g. 390



MY DEAREST ADINE,

I DEDICATE

This Fittle Volume to You,

AS A SLIGHT TOKEN OF THE DEEP AFFECTION

of

YOUR DEVOTED HUSBAND,

CHARLES B. TAYLER.

OTLEY RECTORY, Nov. 12, 1872.



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Sacred Records.

THE WATCHERS AT THE SEPULCHRE.

"And there was Mary Magdalene, and the other Mary, sitting over against the sepulchre."

ST MATTHEW xxvii. 61.

"WHAT of the night?"—The angry heavens are calm;

O'er banks of flowers the plaintive nightbreeze, sighing,

Wafts through the dewy glades their odorous balm;

The golden light, in cloudless glory dying,

Blends with the purple shadows deepening round

The garden and the tomb by Calvary's awful mound.

"What of the night?"—In the soft spreading gloom

Pale women sit, their lonely vigil keeping,
Silent and thoughtful, by the hallowed tomb,
Where, calm in death, their Lord beloved lies
sleeping:

The conflict and the agony are past,

And in that quiet grave the Sufferer rests at last.

"What of the night?"—They answered not a word,

Those faithful women, hopeless, and heartbroken:

- With drooping heads, hands clasped in sad accord,
 - Heedless they sat, and not a word was spoken,
- Till one her sweet and sorrowing face did raise,
- And fixed upon the tomb her loving, steadfast gaze.
- "What of the night?"—She said: "Our night is come;

Here do we sit and weep in hopeless sorrow;

The Lord of Life lies buried in the tomb,

- And joy can gild no more our cheerless morrow.
- 'What of the night!'—Ah! can it e'er be morn
- To hearts o'erwhelmed like ours, and utterly forlorn ?"

"What of the night?"—Oh! women meekly strong,

While others sleep your wakeful vigil keeping,

Fearless and faithful 'mid the faithless throng;

A joyful morn succeeds your night of weeping!

Satan and death this night, in deadly strife, Fell vanquished by the Lord of everlasting life.

Mysterious strife! when God's eternal Son, Hell's fierce assault in human form sustaining,

For guilty man the glorious victory won,

Endured the cross in patience uncomplaining,
Then meekly yielded up His dying breath,
To rise in glorious power, triumphant over
death!

- And now the evening star its signal shows

 Of Sabbath peace, with evening's calm commencing;
- The holy Sabbath dawns its sweet repose

 To those poor watchers, and to all dispensing:
- Hailing the sacred sign, they rise to go,

 And leave that mournful spot with faltering
 steps and slow.
- But yet awhile they lingered there to pray,

 And knelt, their Father and their Lord

 adoring;
- Recalled the deeds of that mysterious day,

 His grace and guidance earnestly imploring;

 Then rose, and as the lonely tomb they
 passed.
- Tears filled their heavy eyes, and down came trickling fast.

"What of the night?"—Its shadows swiftly fly;

The power of hell's accursed reign is ended.

We raise our eyes to the deep cloudless sky

Whence Christ shall come, by all His saints
attended.

Watchers till then, we wait in faith and prayer;

Lord, let Thy kingdom come; there shall be no night there!

THE PILGRIMS OF THE CROSS.

"To be spiritually minded is life and peace."

ROMANS viii. 6.

HOW blessed are the sons of light!
Though poor on earth and ill at ease,
The path of faith, and not of sight,
Is that of pleasantness and peace.

Loud laughter and the idle jest

May rise amid the ungodly throng,

But calm content and holy rest

To pilgrims of the cross belong.

In Thee, pure source of heavenly peace,

All fresh and living springs are found;

And the deep well knows no decrease,

From whence those gladdening springs
abound.

What though the vain and worldly deem

The ways of God a desert rude?

Green pastures and the tranquil stream

Are found in that sweet solitude.

There the Good Shepherd loves to lead
In noontide heat His little flock;
There they repose, and there they feed,
Beneath the shadow of the Rock.

Fearless of harm, to that clear spring

The dove descends, her wandering o'er,
Laves in the stream her weary wing,

Nor leaves that quiet shelter more.

God of all grace, and peace, and love! Teach me to find that region blest;
Give me the pinions of the dove,
To flee away and be at rest.

THE HOLY CHILD JESUS AND HIS MOTHER.

"Mary kept all these things, and pondered them in her heart."

ST LUKE ii. 19.

MOTHER of that mysterious mortal birth,

By which the Eternal Son as man was
born,

Taking a lowly place on this sad earth,

To bear its pain and sorrow, shame and scorn:

Virgin, and mother mild

Of that most holy Child,

Thou, of all womankind most blessed, most forlorn!

Who could portray thy feelings, deep and calm,
When that fair Babe lay cradled on thy breast,

His cherub form encircled by thine arm,

His soft cheek to thy tender bosom pressed?

Ah! who could read thy mind,

Its musings undefined,

Its memories sadly sweet, its joys supremely blest?

Was there no cloud to dim the prospect bright

That opened on thy Child's advancing years?

No thought of coming griefs thine hopes to

blight,

Of speechless agonies and heart-wrung tears?

No vision of the sword,

From aged Simeon's word,

To thrill thy tender heart with dark foreboding fears?

Or did each dim and gathering shade arise, Mist-like, to melt before the morning ray? Did the clear light of that blest Infant's eyes

Chase every dark and dismal thought away,

And childhood's joyous spring

Its bloom and brightness bring,

To banish from thine heart the distant wintry day?

Didst thou forget the terrors of that night,

When stealing forth, a little trembling band,
To Egypt's sultry plains ye took your flight

Across the desert's drear and scorching sand,

Till there your wearied feet

Had found a safe retreat,

Far from the lovely vales of your delight
some land?

Ah! did no thought of Bethlehem's piteous scene,

The infant's cry, the mother's piercing shriek,

Cloud the calm beauty of thy brow serene,

And blanch the roses of thy fair young cheek?

Didst thou not closer press

Thy Child, with fond caress

And love intense toward one so holy, yet so weak?

Or did experience of God's truth awaken

Calmness and strength within thy thoughtful

mind,

Bracing thy spirit meek to faith unshaken,

To perfect confidence and will resigned,

Till, every danger past,

To Nazareth at last,

Brought by thy heavenly guide, a quiet home to find?

Still from that innocent and wondrous Child
'Twas thine to learn faith's lesson high and
holy,

Whenever He looked up, and gently smiled

In thy loved face, His mother pure and
lowly;

While His untroubled sleep,

Taught thee thine heart to keep

Unmoved by earthly joy or downcast melancholy.

Oh! if thou wert, as we may well conceive,

Of thy sweet sex the lowliest, meekest known,

Thee above all would it most deeply grieve,

That aught like worship should to thee be

The incense and the shrine

Would never have been thine,

With horror deep disclaimed, as due to God

alone.

For thou wert woman only, born in sin,

The heir, alike with all, of that deep taint

Of creatures fallen, and corrupt within,

Who breathe of conscious sin their deep complaint,

And, like the captive, sigh

And pine for liberty,

Made by God's grace alone a lovely, lowly
saint.

And still we hear thee in the inspired Word
Singing thy song with sweet exultant voice:
"My soul doth magnify the living Lord,
My spirit in my Saviour doth rejoice."

None e'er a Saviour sought,
But contrite sinners bought
By His most costly blood, the chosen of His

choice.

THE WIDOW OF NAIN.

"And he that was dead sat up, and began to speak."

St Luke vii. 15.

"I'M going home, my mother!
We are but strangers here.
My father and my brother,
I soon shall meet them there.
I only weep, my mother,
Because I think of thee;
And wish there were another
To take the place of me.
We have been never lonely,
Though left so long alone—
Two loving hearts—two only—
A widow and her son.

But God has blessed us ever; And if it be His will Mother and child to sever, Oh! He will bless us still. I shall be far from danger, But you will soon be left Lone as a hapless stranger When of your son bereft. But, mother, when I'm taken, Oh no! you must not fear; You will not be forsaken, For God is ever near. We cannot see His features. Or hear His voice on earth, For we are sinful creatures. And have been from our birth; And He, though kind and gracious, Is so supremely pure,

Through all this world so spacious None could the sight endure. From Him you'll ne'er be parted, Though hidden from your eyes: You're meek and contrite-hearted, And such He'll not despise. You have His word to cheer you When I am dead and gone; Turn to Him while I'm near you, And say, 'Thy will be done!'" From God the strength was given, She knelt beside her son, Raised her meek eyes to heaven, And said, "Thy will be done!" "Now let us pray, my mother, For faith and strength of heart; And comfort one another Once more before we part."

But here his sweet voice faltered, For life was ebbing fast; Dark shades arose, and altered His features as they passed; The look and air abstracted, The flitting gasps of breath, The clear, calm brow contracted, All told of coming death. Yet still, ere life departed, And consciousness had fled, To her who, broken-hearted, Stood weeping by his bed-To her, as fainter, weaker, 'Mid every failing sense, His eyes still turned to seek her, With looks of love intense. His last breath, passing faintly, Just moved his lips in prayer;

And smiles serene and saintly

In death still lingered there.

No shriek, no sound of weeping, Burst from that cheerless room; The mother sat there keeping Her lone watch in the gloom. And there, in deep dejection, She gazed upon the dead, And felt with his affection That every hope was fled. But then, her rashness blaming, Cried, "Let me not rebel," In humble faith exclaiming, "My Father, it is well! By Thee my son was given, And Thou hast called my son; It is the will of Heaven, And, Lord, Thy will be done!

Would it had been Thy pleasure My loving child to spare, My dearest earthly treasure, Who lived my griefs to share! But wave on wave succeeding. O'er this poor head hath past; And this, all woes exceeding, The heaviest, comes at last! Ah! had my guilty nation Been faithful to their God, This evil generation Had sure escaped the rod. But now, disgraced, degraded, Our crown of glory gone, That hope untimely faded Which once divinely shone, In hapless plight we linger, Rejected and forlorn,

While every heathen finger Points to the Jew in scorn. Alas! in wisdom holy, No prophet of the Lord, No seer devout and lowly, Declares His wondrous word, Dispels the people's blindness, And heals the people's grief, And, rich in human kindness, To all affords relief. Oh! for the days of glory, Those days for ever gone, When the sweet sacred story Tells of the widow's son, When good Elijah heeded The mother's accents wild, And with Jehovah pleaded To give her back her child!

Then in this chamber kneeling, Some messenger of grace Had come with gifts of healing, And sanctified the place; Had heard the voice of wailing, Recalled the fleeting breath, And, with my God prevailing, Had snatched my child from death! But cease this weak complaining, Rebellious heart, be still, And strive, thy grief sustaining, To bless His holy will. By God my child is taken, From God the blessing came-No, I am not forsaken, And blessed be His name!" And meekly thus recurring To what her child had said,

She checked her heart's demurring, And watched beside the dead.

Friends of the youth lamented The funeral rites prepare, And ointments, richly scented, They poured upon his hair; And o'er the manly bosom, And o'er the forehead calm, The lily's drooping blossom Was wreathed with the palm: And spices pure and costly Diffused their odours sweet Around that figure ghostly, Wrapt in its winding sheet. That gloomy chamber leaving, They carried out the dead, While mothers' hearts were grieving, And children's tears were shed;

For she whose child was taken,
That followed next the bier,
So helpless, so forsaken,
Who would not feel for her?
While all drew near condoling,
Beholding her distress,
Her grief was past consoling,
In its deep loneliness.

But ONE was touched with pity,
Who met the mournful train
Advancing through the city,
Beyond the gates of Nain;
One all the power possessing,
With all the will to save—
The Lord of every blessing,
And life beyond the grave;
For not a sparrow falleth
Without His gracious care;

And when His creature calleth, He hears and answers prayer. 'Twas not His holy mission To lost and guilty man, In this his low condition, To lengthen out his span; To raise the frame corrupting, Restore the mortal breath, The law thus interrupting Of this, the body's death; For with his new-born spirit To man redeemed, forgiven, The flesh cannot inherit Pure endless life in heaven; But as the seed abideth To spring beneath the sod, The grave the body hideth Till quickened by our God.

But now the course of nature Its wonted law suspends, As one poor helpless creature The Lord of life befriends. He marked the sad procession, The youthful corpse they bore. Her agonised expression, And said, "Ah! weep no more!" That voice of sweetness thrilling, In accents mild and low, Her heart with comfort filling, Arrests the mother's woe. Before the rest advancing, He came and touched the bier: His look, divinely glancing, Filled all with holy fear; And they the dead that carried Unconscious owned His will,

And, though He spake not, tarried, And at the touch stood still. Ere any could implore Him, He turned His gracious eyes Upon the corpse before Him, And said, "Young man, arise!" The word was scarcely spoken, When, woke from death's repose, Its icy bondage broken, The lifeless youth arose. Burst were the bands that bound him. Unsealed his beaming eyes, And mildly gazing round him, He smiled with sweet surprise. But ah! the mother's gladness What language can portray, As all her weight of sadness That instant passed away?—

The look of dream-like wonder. The cry of wild delight, Which burst her lips asunder At that o'erwhelming sight: So lately broken-hearted, Now so supremely blest, He who in death departed Now folded to her breast. Then in her deep emotion She knelt before the Lord. And with her soul's devotion She worshipped and adored. In Jesus meek and lowly, And in His tender love, She hailed the God most holy. Who lives and reigns above.

There is a deeper sorrow

Than aught that mother knew,

Though we the fact may borrow To point the type to you: There is a deeper anguish, O child of hardened sin! When we behold you languish With dark disease within; When, though with manly vigour You draw your mortal breath, Within is all the rigour And ghastliness of death. There's a more wondrous hour Than that when Jesus came, And by His word of power Revived the mortal frame, When life divine He giveth, And grace and love abound, And when the dead soul liveth, And when the lost is found:

Then joy on earth is given
To many a mother's heart,
And songs resound in heaven,
Where angels bear their part.
Think of that death appalling,
The final hopeless death;
Think of that wondrous calling
Which giveth vital breath:
For they, renewed and living,
Who thus their life regain,
Need seek no short reviving
On earth, like that of Nain.

THE DYING SAINT.

"Having a desire to depart, and to be with Christ, which is far better." PHILIPPIANS i. 23.

Rest from my weary way,
Rest till the coming day,
Rest, peaceful rest, in the deep silent grave:
Rest from a world of care,
Rest is my ceaseless prayer,
The boon and blessing which my Saviour gave.

Fear not, my fears are past;

Though life is fleeting fast,

The dreaded hour is dreaded now no more:

Through God's anointed Son

The victory is won—

My long and weary pilgrimage is o'er.

Weep not, oh! do not weep,

Death is a quiet sleep

To the worn frame that joins its kindred dust:

Death is the dawn of day

To those who pass away,

The freed rejoicing spirits of the just.

Open the sacred Book,
On which I vainly look;
Its glorious words confused before me lie:
But I can listen still,
To learn my Father's will,
And pray, and praise, and love Him till I die.

Sweet is the waning light,

Sweet to my failing sight,

And the hushed stillness of the darkened room:

Visions unearthly rise

Before my closing eyes,

Peopling with radiant forms the quiet gloom.

Voices you cannot hear
Breathe in my listening ear
Their sweet assurance of eternal peace;
And white-robed angels stand,
A calm and glistening band,
Waiting my longing spirit's full release.

Rejoice with me—rejoice,
And sing with thy sweet voice
One last glad hymn of thankfulness and praise;
Those notes, so soft and clear,
Will linger in my ear
Till I shall hear above the song sthat angels raise.

Let, then, the spoiler Death
Take my last mortal breath;
My endless life is hid with Christ in God,
And I shall shortly be
From earth's vile bondage free
Borne up by guardian angels to their blest
abode.

And when the breathless clay
In the dark grave you lay,
Think not of me as dead and sleeping there;
Think of a spirit blest
With Jesus, and at rest,
Far from the sorrows of this troubled sphere.

SIMON PETER.

"Jesus turned, and looked upon Peter."

ST LUKE xxii. 61.

A LONELY fisher climbed the rocks that frown

O'er the calm, lovely Lake of Galilee,

And by an aged palm-tree flung him down,

Where the sweet mountain air blew fresh
and free.

Screened was that little spot, with grass o'erspread,

Alike from cutting blasts and scorching heat,
And a clear streamlet, like a silver thread,
Ran glistening through the green and cool
retreat.

The fig-tree there in wild luxuriance grew,

Whose broad-leaved foliage cast a grateful

shade;

And there, with clustering flowers of rosy hue, The oleander graced the lonely glade.

The cloudless sky, the mountains steep and dark,
Were mirrored in the glassy lake below;
And, moored among the rocks, his empty bark
Lay rocking in the waters to and fro.

There was a listless languor in his mien,

Not from dull sloth, but honest labour done;

And oft he turned his eyes, with look serene,

To the blue waters and the setting sun.

A blaze of sunbeams, like a golden crown,
On the far distant mountains seemed to rest;
Then suddenly the glorious sun went down,
'Mid the resplendent chambers of the west.

The bracing freshness of the cool night air

Came lightly sweeping o'er the waters calm,

Fanning his sunburnt cheek and forehead bare,

Like an ambrosial gale of fragrant balm.

For in that genial and delightful clime,

The breath of every flower that scents the

spring

Comes wafted at the dewy evening time, Upon the playful zephyr's fluttering wing.

Stretched at his length upon the grass he lay,
And drank the freshness of the mountain
breeze;

Whiling in thoughtless mood the hours away

In all the careless luxury of ease.

He seemed a man of middle age, and yet

No higher thought or nobler aim had he

Beyond his anxious toil, his boat, and net— A simple fisherman of Galilee.

But in that stalwart and athletic frame

There slept a living spirit strong and bold,

A deep volcanic fire, a hidden flame,

Pent up and prisoned in its mountain hold.

And sometimes in a bright and sudden glance

It flashed from that dark, earnest, deep-set

eye,

Or knit with burning thought the calm expanse

Of that majestic forehead broad and high.

Yet in that bosom stern, there lay concealed,

Throughout the current of his former years,

A fountain, like still waters deep and sealed,

Of sweet affections, tenderness, and tears.

Now the last streak of glowing sunset dies
In the dark azure of the cloudless heaven,
And a pale gleam of silvery lustre lies
Upon the shadowy rocks and waters even.

The moon comes forth, o'er all the quiet scene Spreading the chastened splendours of her reign,

Of silent solemn night the peerless queen,
Until his glorious throne the sun resumes
again.

And rising up to gird his fisher's coat,

And join the humble partners of his toil,

The fisher hastens to unmoor his boat,

Prepare his nets, and snare his nightly spoil.

He starts, he listens, and he looks around,

A footstep in the stillness soundeth near;

With his own name the echoing rocks resound, And a familiar voice salutes his ear.

"My brother comes," he cried: "the dreams are past

That led the idle wanderer to roam;
With worn and wearied feet he seeks at last
His honest labour and his quiet home."

Not as a wayworn wanderer deprest,

But eloquent with joy, his look as bright
As a glad herald bearing tidings blest,

The absent brother sought his home that night.

And oft, in after years, to Simon's eyes

That scene returned in life's eventful track;

His native rocks before him seemed to rise,

And Andrew's joyfullook and voice came back.

How beautiful the feet of him who trod

With bounding steps along the mountain's side,

Exulting in the message of his God,

And to his rough and reckless brother cried:

- "I come with gladdening tidings of the grace,
 The tender mercy of the Father's love,
 In sending to our lost and guilty race
 The long-expected Saviour from above.
- "For, Simon, I have heard His gracious voice,
 Have seen His mild and holy majesty:
 Believing and adoring I rejoice,
 And come a joyful messenger to thee.
- "What are these boats, these nets, to thee or me?

Let us go forth and joyfully leave all;

- For all the treasures of the earth and sea

 Were worthless weighed with the Messiah's

 call.
- "My brother, I have left thee once before,

 To hear the holy John, the Baptist, preach;

 But I have found thee, and I go no more

 To leave thee with thy nets upon the beach.
- "Ah! when that stern and solemn voice went forth,

Amid the lonely rocks and desert drear,

Threat'ning the guilty crowd with coming
wrath,

I stood subdued and motionless with fear.

- "Yet while that voice brought judgment on my sin,
 - With its strong, stunning, overwhelming shock,

- Alas! it left the trembling heart within

 As cold and senseless as the barren rock.
- "But to describe the gentleness and love
 Of Jesus, of the Christ, all words are vain!
 His word is manna, dropping from above,
 Upon the desert's dull and dreary plain.
- "Oh! it has searched me like a two-edged sword,
 - Piercing my inmost soul with thrilling power;
- And yet the sweetness of that gracious word Sunk to my heart like dew into the flower.
- "When in adoring love the holy John
 Bore witness unto Jesus as he went;
 Told me the Lamb of God I looked upon,

 And led me to the Saviour God hath sent.

- "I followed Jesus, and He turned and said,
 "What seek ye?" His abode I longed to see;
- With Him that night my dwelling-place I made:

Come thou to Jesus also—come and see.

- "For still, my brother, still the more my heart
 Was drawn to Him, the more it yearned to
 thee.
- Thus have I sought thee, and we must not part:
 - Oh! come at once to Jesus, come and see!"
- He ceased, and in the stillness nought was heard
 - But the soft murmur of the dashing waves,
- And the low fitful breeze, whose whispers stirred
 - In the old drooping palm-tree's feathery leaves.

- And Simon spoke not, but in earnest thought

 He dwelt upon the words his brother spoke,
- Unconscious of the change those words had . wrought,
 - The dawn of inward light that on his spirit broke
- For One was present there, unseen, unknown,
 Who saw Nathaniel in the fig-tree's shade;
 Who surnamed Simon, Peter, or a stone,
 And of that hard, cold stone a meek disciple made.
- Jesus had sought him ere in that dark hour

 His brother's kind persuasive call was

 heard;
- And, by the Holy Spirit's secret power, Inclined him to obey his brother's word.

- And Jesus bade his inward spirit wake,

 With many a deep emotion strange and

 new;
- And thus, with every word that Andrew spake,
 - Conviction, hope, and strong assurance grew.
- And as he stood there, from his upraised eyes Slowly the large and glistening tear-drops rolled;
- And though he spoke not, deep and thoughtful sighs

The hidden workings of his spirit told.

And did he go? Ah! could he choose to stay?
With Andrew's call a higher call was sent.
He spoke not—from his nets he turned away,
And, by his brother led, to Jesus went.

- A stone—a rock—a man of dauntless soul,

 Honest and true, now fired with flaming

 zeal;
- But boastful, and impatient of control, Careless his pride or passion to conceal.
- Called—and yet how unfitted!—forth to go
 A brave apostle to a recreant race,
 Till, as a meek disciple, taught to know
 The weakness of man's strength, the might
 of heavenly grace.
- But He who sent the call the grace supplied,
 - The stubborn and rebellious will subdued;
- Humbled his boastful confidence and pride,

 And to a lowly saint transformed that fisher
 rude.

And thus from stones doth God His children raise;

And to the father of the faithful give

A faithful seed to manifest His praise, .

To form His little flock, and to His glory live.

Still are they stones, but by that Hand divine

Prepared to grace His radiant diadem;

Who cuts and polishes, and bids them shine,

And from the mean, dull stone brings forth
the costly gem.

To magnify His word and sovereign grace,

From Christ to Peter came that quickening
call;

The rude, rash offering of a ruined race,

A stone in all the roughness of its fall.

Thus to the natural, unconverted man

Did Christ His office and Himself make
known;

To ears still sealed was told the gospel plan, And miracles to blinded ears were shown.

With God Himself, in loveliest, lowliest guise,

A sinful man in fellowship was joined;

Truths were declared he wanted power to prize,

Unable to discern God's high and holy mind.

And thus the wise and gifted Paul must learn,

With the poor fisherman, that God unseals.

The blinded eyes of each, or none discern

The heavenly truths which God alone reveals.

Masters in Israel miracles might see,

And know the utmost miracles can prove;

God's kingdom to behold, a man must be

Born of the Word and Spirit from above.

Still unrestrained, but by a gentle word,

His own rash will the vain disciple took,

Unmindful of his kind and pitying Lord,

And the wise counsel of His voice forsook.

And trusting to himself he went his way;

Foremost in boastful and impetuous pride,

Turned from his only strength, his only stay,

And with unholy oaths his holy Lord

denied.

We see him, when to death his Lord was led,

Too true to leave Him, and to stay too

weak;

Following, but afar, with faltering tread;
Ashamed of silence, yet afraid to speak.

We see him, when the holy Jesus stands
Forsaken, scorned, insulted, and betrayed,
With fetters bound, and smitten by rude hands,
But in majestic meekness undismayed;

We see the coward with his furtive glance, Seeking—yet shrinking from—his Master's eye;

Wishing, yet fearing further to advance;

And then, with crimsoned face, stammering the impious lie.

We see—ah, no—what language can express
The look which Jesus upon Peter fixed;
Its calm reproach, its pitying tenderness,
Its penetrating power with gentlest sorrow
mixed?

That look, it was the lightning's flashing stroke,

Shattering the whole proud edifice within;
Then was the heart of stone in Peter broke,
And, humbled to the dust, he owned and
mourned his sin.

And years passed on, but time could ne'er efface

The memory of that blest but mournful hour;

The silent look on that sweet sorrowing face,

The dawn of grace in its transforming

power.

And thus, at length, was Peter taught to know.

His weakness and his strength—his pride was gone,

His sure foundation fixed: he lived to grow,

Builded and fixed on Christ, the living

corner-stone.

The wide distinction he had learnt between

External evidence and inward light;

The Christ of God, by natural eyesight

seen,

And Christ revealed within, discerned by spirit sight.

Inspired of God; His high commission given

To feed the lambs and sheep of Jesus'

flock,

The great apostle led the way to heaven, Meek as a child, unshaken as a rock.

And not by Galilee's blue lake alone,

And not alone to Israel's chosen race,

But in all realms, where Jesus Christ is known,

Does Simon Peter preach the truths of saving grace.

BELSHAZZAR.

"And the king saw the part of the hand that wrote,"

DANIEL v. 5.

IT was a glorious evening,
The moon unclouded shone
In which are peerless majesty
On ancient Babylon:
In shadowy grandeur lying,
With many an airy height
Of terrace, obelisk, and tower
Steeped in the clear moonlight.

On the lovely hanging gardens That silvery moonshine falls, 'Mid sparkling fountains, grassy glades,
'Mid stately palms and cedar shades,
Within the city walls,
On palace, temple, battlements—
All now to ruin hurled,
One vast and splendid city,
The wonder of the world.

Of great renown was Nineveh,
As old historians tell,
And glorious was Jerusalem
Before her temple fell;
But from the snows of Scythia
To India's burning clime,
No spot could vie with Babylon
At that eventful time.

Three hundred feet uprising The wide-spread city round, Full sixty miles her walls enclosed Within their lofty bound; And on their solid ramparts, Their ramparts broad and strong, With ease six lordly chariots Abreast might pass along.

In wealth, and strength, and spler What city could surpass
That glory of the kingdoms,
With her hundred gates of brass?
Where the famous old Euphrates,
In deep majestic pride,
Right through the golden city
Rolled on his mighty tide.

That night the king Belshazzar, In reckless pride elate, Proud of his countless treasures, His grandeur, and his state: Proud of his vast dominions,
And his imperial sway,
Shamed all his former splendour
With arrogant display.

And glorious was that festival,
If mortal pride may claim
For those the term of glorious
Who glory in their shame.
For a thousand of his satraps
The festival was made,
A thousand lords of Babylon
In gorgeous robes arrayed.

The proud Chaldean monarch
Sat in his gilded hall,
And by his lords surrounded
Drank wine before them all.
And when the wine he tasted,
With the wine-cup in his hand,

Like one by madness blinded Sent forth the rash command

He bade them bring the vessels, For revelry profane,
And fill them for the banquet
Of his ungodly train.
The gold and silver vessels
His grandsire bore away,
When Zion's graceful temple
A shapeless ruin lay.

Till then the boldest heathen
That sacred spoil revered,
For great Jehovah's holy name
In Babylon was feared;
And proud Nebuchadnezzar
Had trembled at His word,
And as His lowly worshipper
The Lord of Hosts adored.

They brought the golden vessels
Of God's own sanctuary,
Which, if a Levite dared to touch,
He was condemned to die.
And in those vessels holy,
To gods of brass and stone,
To Bel, and all the idols drank
Of heathen Babylon.

Belshazzar and his princes,
His wives and concubines,
With the vessels of Jehovah
Gave praise to idol shrines!
And louder grew their revelry,
As they filled and drank again,
And noisy shouts resounded
From that ungodly train.

And yet they did not tremble, Nor was the king afraid! No look, nor voice, nor gesture, His conscious guilt betrayed. 'Twas but a vain delusion, An unseen God to fear, To dread Jehovah's vengeance, Or deem that He was near.

"Great Bel had long been worshipped,
Why should Bel-shazzar be,
The living, great Belshazzar,
Less of a god than he?"
"Twas thus his courtiers told him—
He loved their flattery well,
He was a god among them,
As great a god as Bel.

But how unlike the festive scene, The luxury within, The loose, disordered revelry,
The loud, tumultuous din,
Was the hushed and guarded calm that
reigned
The city walls around,
Beyond their massive boundary
On the wide open ground.

The warders on the wall and towers,
Had they looked out that night,
Might have seen, in the quiet moonshine,
A strange and startling sight.
For a bristled host were swarming
Far as the eye could strain,
Along the rushing river's banks
And o'er the outspread plain.

At times a red watch-fire Flashed out and died away, Or the restless gleam of glittering arms
Caught the moon's refulgent ray.
And in many a grove of waving palms,
And on many a distant height,
Long rows of tents were rising fast,
Making the darkness bright.

And wheels were heard at intervals,
With harsh and creaking sound,
Where huge machines dragged heavily
O'er the dark, uneven ground.
All smothered sounds that sounded,
All objects near and far,
Told of a mighty armament
Preparing for the war.

And here and there upon the walls, Some warrior old and brave Blew the loud trumpet of alarm, The signal warning gave. But none that signal heeded,

For what had they to dread,

Though round about old Babylon

A countless host were spread?

Woe to the crown of drunkards!
Woe to the crown of pride!
Woe from the God of heaven and earth
Forgotten and defied!
Down from his proud and lofty throne
The boaster shall be torn,
And his counsels and devices all
The Lord shall laugh to scorn.

Amid the loud, loose revelry
Of that blaspheming throng,
A rumour that the foe was nigh
Passed carelessly along.

The rumour reached Belshazzar, He passed the wine-cup round, While shouts of scornful laughter The words of warning drowned.

The stately hall was blazing
With lamps of dazzling light,
And all that light reflected
Was beautiful and bright.
For all was there assembled
That wealth and art could bring,
Spreading their soft enchantment
Round that ignoble king.

Faces of dazzling beauty,
And forms of graceful mould,
All glittering in their rich attire
Of broidery and gold;

The glow of Tyrian purple,
And many a brilliant dye,
Circlets of gems, and robes of pearl,
And beds of ivory.

Soft-breathing flutes and tuneful harps,
Played with enchanting skill,
Blending their sweet and liquid notes
With voices sweeter still;
And the perfumes of Arabia
Diffusing odours rare,
With the purer fragrance of fresh flowers,
Scented the languid air.

But God may be forgotten, As on that festive night; Provoked, defied, derided, He will assert His right! His hand unseen they fear not, As though He were not near; That hand and its dread sentence Shall instantly appear!

Beneath the gorgeous canopy
Of his resplendent throne
The king reclined, when suddenly,
His glance of pride was gone!
He shuddered, and he shrank away,
Yet still he wildly stared;
And with look transfixed and terrified
His starting eyeballs glared.

With eager haste he strove to rise,

The effort was in vain,

His loins were loosed, with tottering knees

He feebly sunk again.

But still his eyes were riveted With that same startled look, And rapidly the crimson blood His haggard face forsook.

What had he seen? What vision dread Had passed before his eyes,
To shake his frame, his spirit wring
With such deep agonies?
It is a hand, a human hand,
On which his glances fall,
Writing in mystic characters
On the plaster of the wall.

His phrensied voice uplifting,
He summoned to his aid,
To read the mystic characters,
From which he shrunk dismayed,

All who were skilled in magic lore, Or gifted to explain The visions dim that to the realm Of mysteries pertain.

They came;—the sage astrologer,
The old Chaldean seer,
The wizard with unearthly mien,
The frantic soothsayer.
Around the affrighted monarch
Gathered the magic band,
Striving to read, with looks intense,
The writing of the hand.

Perplexed, confounded, they retired,
Ashamed, but forced to own
Their science vain, their wisdom foiled,
The characters unknown.

Then the king was greatly troubled, And sank, o'erpowered with grief; His lords stood round in mute dismay, They could give no relief.

The Queen Nitocris entered,
Nitocris good and wise,
Absent, in grave displeasure,
From those loose revelries,—
A queen of great and noble mind,
More fitted than her son
To wield the sceptre of command
O'er mighty Babylon.

In calm and gentle majesty,
She stood before the throne,
And with a look of mild reproach,
Rebuked her recreant son;

"There is a man," said Nitocris,
"Unknown, forgotten now,
Who would have soothed thy tr
thoughts,
And calmed thy troubled brow.

"The spirit of the holy gods
That holy man inspires,
Set over all the king's wise men,
By thine illustrious sires.
He would have read the wondrous wor
That fill thy soul with fear;
He dwells within thy kingdom—
Why is not Daniel here?"

The Prophet came—an aged man, Of grave majestic mien, The royal grace of a kingly race On his lofty brow was seen. Abashed was king Belshazzar

When the man of God drew near,

As he marked how the sound of rich rewards

Fell coldly on his ear.

He would make known the writing,
Which none could understand;
'Twas thus the prophet answered
To the troubled king's demand.
And then, as if forgetful
Of the writing and the hand,
The word of inspiration
Within his spirit woke,
And fired with heavenly fervour,
The aged Daniel spoke:—

"To thee, O king Belshazzar, Were gracious warnings given, Thy grandsire from the sons of men
To dwell with brutes was driven,
Until his pride was humbled,
And, conscious of his shame,
He blessed and praised the Lord of heaven,
And glorified His name.

"All this, O king! thou knewest;
Yet in thy senseless pride
Thou hast upon thy father's throne
Thy father's God denied;
Unmoved by all the warnings
Which God hath given to thee,
And hardened thy besotted heart
In dark impiety.

"The vessels of the Lord of Hosts, Thou hast with hands profane, Dared with thy lords and concubines
In revelry to drain.
And more than this—thou fearedst not
Those sacred cups to raise,
Lifting the while to idol gods,
The voice of senseless praise.

"And the God by whom thou livest,
In whose hand is thy breath,
The mighty God of heaven and earth,
The Lord of life and death—
The God in whom are all thy ways,
Thou hast not glorified,
Therefore that hand came forth—the hand
Of Him thou hast defied.

"Therefore amidst thy godless throng, In this thy banquet hall, That hand hath traced those silent words Upon thy palace wall; And God hath sent His messenger, In answer to thy call, To read to thine astonished ears The sentence of thy fall,

"Hearken, O king Belshazzar
To the word of God attend;

Mene! thy kingdom numbered is,
Thy reign is at an end!
Tekel! another awful word,
Hath no uncertain sound—
Weighed in the balances thou art,
And thou art wanting found!

"Peres! thy kingdom—rent in twain By Him who rules in heaven— Is torn from thee, and to the Medes And to the Persians given." It ceased, that solitary voice!
In consternation dread,
The crowd of courtly revellers
Stood silent as the dead.

Till suddenly Belshazzar

Spake out to claim the sway,

And grasp the sceptre of command

Already passed away.

He bade them clothe with scarlet

That prophet stern and bold,

And hang round holy Daniel's neck

A chain of massive gold;

And said—" By proclamation, Let Daniel be preferred Among the rulers of my realm, And honoured as the third." As if his word could alter
Jehovah's sacred will,
And cause his tottering kingdom
To stand his kingdom still.

E'en while the king was speaking,
The foe was at the door,
The palace was surrounded,
Belshazzar's reign was o'er;
The hall was filled with armed men,
A strange and fearful sight,
And 'mid his helpless followers
The king was slain that night!

Where now is famous Babylon?

A wild, deserted space;

A mass of wide-spread, shapeless ruins

Marks that accursed place:

A dismal swamp, a blackened mound, A scorched and blasted tower; The lion's lair now occupies That seat of pride and power!

Thus, Babylon is past and gone: But no, that cannot be Until that dark and dreadful day Fulfils the stern decree, Foretold in God's eternal Word. Foreshadowed in the state Of the fallen, earthly Babylon Laid waste and desolate. That old, Chaldean city, Might now be vainly sought: All its magnificence and wealth Have been to ruin brought. There, where the Tower of Babel, By impious Nimrod built, Stood as it fell, the monument

Of the blasphemer's guilt.

There, where on Dura's dreary plain,
That spot of vile renown,
Before the golden idol
A countless throng fell down;
And by the tyrant king's command,
In base idolatry,
That worship to the image gave,
Due to the Lord Most High!
For there, when Nimrod's Babel rose,
Boldly was God defied;
And no place equalled Babylon
In blasphemy and pride!

In the last records of God's Word
Two mystic cities rise,
Revealed in visions of the night
To that disciple's eyes—
That holy, highly-favoured man,
The great apostle John.

And one of those two famed cities Is mystic Babylon, In awful darkness looming, Upon the startled sight, And only seen by the horrid glare Of a dull and lurid light; Its splendour, riches, pomp, and power, Are earth's, and earthly all, While o'er its dread magnificence Hangs a black funereal pall. The curse is on that doomed city. The wrath of God is there; Its time has come, its sentence past, And its destruction near. O Babylon! thou mystic type Of proud, imperious Rome, In thy destruction may be read Of Antichrist* the doom.

^{*} See the note in the Appendix.

And now, by a soft blaze of light, The darkness is dispelled. And to the raptured gaze of John This vision is revealed: The holy city, steeped in light, Descendeth from on high, The new Jerusalem appears In the calm azure sky; Its gates of pearl stand open there. Its streets of shining gold, Its Tree of Life, its crystal stream; And all that we behold, The brightest, rarest gems on earth, Shine forth resplendent there; Their wondrous beauty, glory, are But faintly imaged here. And there, all other joys above, From sin's vile bondage free, Lord Jesus, we shall see Thy face, And ever dwell with Thee

MANNA.

"They said one to another, It is manna."

Exodus xvi. 15.

O^N all Thy goodness gives, O gracious Lord!— , Food, raiment, money—give me grace to see,

The superscription of this sacred word,

Stamping the gift as coming fresh from Thee:

For Thou hast taught Thy loving child to be

Simply dependent on Thy guardian care,

For all Thy blessings bountiful and free,

And Thou, most holy Jesus, in Thy prayer,

Hast taught Thy meek disciple thus to pray
For bread, like manna to the pilgrim given—
A daily portion on his desert way,
Sufficient for the day, and fresh from heaven
Thus, "It is manna," I would also say,
With praise for every gift Thou givest day by
day.

THE PRODIGAL SON.

"Make me as one of thy hired servants."

St Luke xv. 19.

WITH sin's worst bondage, bowed and weak,
Father! to thee I trembling come;
And though my guilty heart should break,
I wait to hear thee speak my doom.

Thy voice, thy dear voice, may not bless,

But e'en its sound my soul can win;

For thy just anger grieves me less,

Than now the loathsome joys of sin.

Let me among thy menial train

Catch but a look not meant for me;

Forgotten, let me but remain,

To breathe the common air with thee.

I ask not e'en one careless sigh,

One thought on all I bear below;

But when you breathe a prayer on high,

Then, Father, think upon my woe.

Father, my father! O transporting bliss!

Clasped to thy bosom, can it really be?

Feeling upon my face thy tender kiss;

Hearing thee say, "I have forgiven thee!"

Me, by my loathed sins disgraced, defiled;
Sinning not only against thee, but heaven;
Me, thy most guilty, most unworthy child,
Yet without one reproach received, forgiven.

Father, how true the words that thou hast spoken,

That I, thy guilty son, was lost, was dead;
But now, when I return forlorn, heart-broken,
Thou heapest blessings on my worthless head.

A FRAGMENT.

"He that giveth, let him do it with simplicity."

ROMANS xii. 8.

A^S southern breezes softly bearing
To the pale cheek health's lively hue,
Their bright effect alone appearing,
Their source concealed from mortal view:

Thus let thy servant's alms be given;

Thus, Lord, reviving aid bestow;

Invisible to all but Heaven,

The secret source from whence they flow.

THE PILGRIM'S YEARNING.

"I have waited for Thy salvation, O Lord."

GENESIS xlix. 18.

NOT always on the journey, O my God!

Not always on the journey, when the home,

The place Thou hast prepared for my abode,
Stands open to receive me when I come:
Why should I wish to linger in the wild,
When Thou art waiting, Father, to receive
Thy child?

It is a weary way, and I am faint;

I pant for purer air and fresher springs:

- O Father, take me home,—there is a taint,
 - A shadow on earth's purest, brightest things;
- This world is but a wilderness to me;
- There is no rest, my God, no peace apart from Thee!
- Come, gentle Death; though I have feared thee long,
 - And thou are dreadful still to mortal sense;
- Come! thou art stingless now; I did thee wrong;
 - Thou shalt but aid me to escape from hence!
- Come! I can meet thec, for the conqueror's
- Upholds my shrinking soul, and shields me from alarm.

Looking to Jesus with a steadfast eye,

Clad in His righteousness, my robe divine;

Come! for thy boasted terrors I defy,

Poor, harmless, shadowy phantom! He ismine,

My life if bound in His, whose living word Cries that the dead are blest when dying in the Lord.

I see Him shining on His throne of light,

The Lamb that hath been slain, and slain
for me;

The King of Glory! of all power and might;

The Lord and God, by whose most high decree

The vile, the guilty—trusting in His name—dying wretch like me, eternal life may claim.

This is my confidence, that I am His—
That I believe, repent, and am forgiven—
That I adore, and love, and meekly kiss
His garment's hem, and thus I look to

heaven:

- Lord, Thou wilt not deceive me! Faithful friend,
- Wilt Thou not take me home? When shall my journey end?

IN MEMORIAM.

"Mary hath chosen that good part."

LUKE x. 42.

If ever hearts were rent by ruthless death,

If ever tears of desolate grief were shed,

It was by those who watched thy parting breath,

And saw thee dead.

But if assurance of eternal rest

Ere brought to broken hearts its heavenly
peace,

Telling the mourners that the soul is blest

By death's release;

Calming the wild distraction of the brain,

The rushing tears, the speechless agony—

It was the glorious thought that death was gain

When thou didst die!

Death had no terror for thy steadfast soul,

No sting from cherished and unpardoned sin;

No power of evil there, with dark control,

Ruled all within.

For God had made thine heart His blest abode,

His temple of bright hopes and pure desires;

And kindled on its shrine a flame that glowed

With quenchless fires!

And from thy meek Redeemer's wounded side The fountain sprung that washed thy sins away, That guiltless thou shouldst stand, and justified,

On the great day!

And thou didst ever take the lowest place,—
The mind that was in Christ shone forth in thee,—

That sweet, retiring, and unconscious grace, Humility.

Yet from that lowly heart, deep-rooted there,

High principles and generous deeds sprung

forth—

The plain, strong sense of right, the judgment clear

Of priceless worth.

Thine only standard God's unerring Word, Divinely taught its vital truths to see; Thine only pattern that incarnate Lord
Who died for thee.

And thou didst walk in wisdom's pleasant ways,

Thy feet with holiest peace divinely shod; Unmoved alike by human blame or praise— True to thy God!

Thy smiles, thy gentle smiles, we still recall,

For thou wert gentle as the gentle dove,

Shedding their lovely influence on all

Who shared thy love.

We saw them still, when we could only weep,
Spreading a lustre round thy dying bed:
Their lingering sweetness, in that breathless
sleep,

Was o'er thee shed.

But thou art gone, from every care removed;

Thy blest exchange, ah! why should we deplore?

Or weep, with selfish tears, that one so loved Should weep no more?

For why associate now, with grief or woe,

Thy saintly brightness and thy glorious rest;

Linking thy life in heaven with earth below

Since thou art blest?

A little while, farewell! we soon shall have
Glad meetings—yet a little while delayed.

Farewell! We hang this garland on the grave
Where thou art laid.

FRIENDSHIP.

"He loved him as he loved his own soul."

1 SAMUEL xx. 17.

"THEIR love was wonderful, the love of soul;

Friendship in them her faithful self confessed;
No cheating semblance, no restrained control
Of warring sentiments." Be thus expressed,
When from these mortal bonds our spirits
rest,

The record of our holy union here,
Before the gracious God whom we revere.
Have we not deeply fervent prayers addrest
(Conscious our home is in a purer sphere),
That by no earthly trials e'er deprest,

(Our soul's true friendship by His favour blest),

Together that glad welcome we might hear—
"Your trials are now past, your sins forgiven,
Your faith and constant love approved in
heaven?"

TO MY BROTHER, R.I.T.

Oh! ever be our friendship here,

Like famed Bethesda's hallowed well,

Which rose the glorious temple near,

Where God Himself had deigned to dwell.

May nought disturb the tranquil spring,

The calm of heaven's reflexion there,

Save, like an angel's troubling wing,

To leave its sacred healing there,

ON A PICTURE OF DAVID.

"The Lord hath sought Him a man after His own heart."

1 Samuel xiii. 14.

THOU art the conqueror! the foe is slain,

And the first fire of conscious triumph

gone:

The mind descends into itself, to gain

The thoughtful judgment of its calmer tone;

The glance of passion which then fiercely shone,

The flying tints which then, with deepening glow,

Shot o'er thy fervid cheek and throbbing brow, Have passed away, and silently, alone, Deep-searching thought has claimed thy full soul now,

Strictly reviewing all that thou hast done.

Be thou assured; for He, the Mighty One,

Inspired the daring deed. Blest youth, thou

art

The one approved after God's own heart!

THE VINE BRANCH.

"Abide in Me."

ST JOHN XV. 4.

"ABIDE in Me,"—those gracious words I plead;

For that command, most holy Lord, is thine.

Ah! can the vine-branch dying, well-nigh dead,

Abide in Thee, the true, the living Vine?

Am I a vine-branch?—true the name I bear—
A name to live; but is my life from Thee?

If sapless, fruitless, Lord, I doubt, I fear
There is, alas! no life divine in me.

Write but Thy name, Lord Jesus, on my heart,

As Aaron's name on Levi's sapless rod;

To the dry branch Thy quickening grace impart,

To bud, and blossom, and bear fruit to God.

- Revive Thy work within my barren soul,

 Freshen with morning dews, bid sunbeams
 shine;
- Bring captive under Thy most sweet control

 My every thought, and make me wholly

 Thine.
- So when Thou seekest, Giver of all grace,
 Fruit on the vine-branch well-nigh with'ring
 now,
- Then shalt Thou find appearing in its place, Ripe, golden clusters on the fruitful bough.

HYMN TO THE HOLY SPIRIT.

"Awake, O north wind; and come, thou south."

CANTICLES iv. 16.

WIND of the north, awake, and bring
Thy spirit-searching breath;
For feeble, faint, and withering,
We languish unto death.

Thy living energies bestow,

Thy bracing strength impart,

And cause a vigorous health to flow

Into each failing heart.

And thou, sweet south, with gentlest powers,
Our drooping graces raise,
Like freshened beds of fragrant flowers,
Expanding to Thy praise.

Then livelier tints shall greet thine eyes,
And spicy odours be
Drawn forth as incense, Lord, to rise
In gratitude to Thee.

Spirit of gentleness and love,

Combined with strength divine,

Come, like the eagle and the dove,

To make our spirits Thine!

Bear us aloft on eagle's wings,

To soar with heavenward flight

Above the clouds of earthly things,

And drink the orient light.

And while our fervent prayers ascend,
In Jesus' name, to heaven,
Oh let the Dove of Peace descend—
The Comforter be given.

CHRISTMAS EVE.

"Rejoice in the Lord."
PHILIPPI

CLORY in the highest heaver

To the Lord our God be

For the gift, all gifts excelling

Jesus Christ the new-born

Born for us and living, dying

For the dead in darkness lyi:

In a world, polluted, dwellir

Holy, harmless, undefiled

Christmas comes with joyf Blazing hearths and festive Christmas comes to-night, to-morrow,
Christmas Eve, and Christmas Day:
Minstrels at the portal singing,
Bells from all the churches ringing,
Bid the care-worn chase their sorrow,
And the heavy heart be gay.

Christmas comes; but ask the reason
Why you hail the sacred season?
Why you link your mirth and gladness,
With the Saviour's holy name?
If to Christ all honour giving,
Are you to His glory living?
Otherwise your mirth is madness—
You have put the Lord to shame.

Come, thou Teacher of the lowly, Wean our hearts from joy unholy; Love to Thee the spirit raises,

Far above the careless throng.

Musing on the wondrous story

Of Thy mingled shame and glory,

Tune our hearts to sing Thy praises

With the angel's heavenly song.

THE BETTER LIFE.

"Set your affections on things above."

Colossians iii. 1.

LET us no longer live
For what this world can give;
'Mid the rank leaves the grovelling insect
dwells,

Till, with unfolded wing,

It seeks the flowers of spring,

Quaffing the nectar from their fragrant cells.

Thus let us live no more

The life we loved before:

The heir of heaven must live for heaven on earth,

Turning with heavenward flight,
From things of sense and sight,
To joys exalted as his heavenly birth.

So that, when called away

To realms of endless day,

To the bright mansions of the blest above;

The path of faith we've trod

Shall lead us to our God,

To the full vision of Eternal Love.

AN ELEGY.

"Taken away from the evil to come."

ISAIAH lvii. 1.

EARLY taken to thy rest,
In the world a passing guest,
Weeping we surround thy bier,
But would not have kept thee here.

Let no selfish tears be shed, From all sorrow thou art fled; Gentle sufferer, death would be Glorious liberty to thee. Prison walls are overthrown, Fetters broken—thou art gone! Angels bore thee to thy rest In the mansions of the blest.

Born in sin, but while on earth Mourning still thy sinful birth, Breathing forth thy meek complaint, O'er that deep and inward taint.

Till thy faltering feet were led To the Cross where Jesus bled, And thy bruised spirit found Healing from each sacred wound.

Till the Light of Life was given
To thy darkened soul from heaven,
And the Holy Spirit shed
Peace around thy dying bed.

Heavy chastening was thy lot,

But thy spirit murmured not;

"See," thou saidst, in accents mild,

"How my Father loves His child!"

Sweetest rose! by ruthless death Rifled of thy balmy breath; All thy bloom hath passed away, Into darkness and decay.

Earth to earth! O dark insatiate grave,

'Tis but an empty casket thou canst

crave;

Our gracious Lord has claimed the priceless gem

That casket held, for His own radiant

THE SHUNAMMITE.

"It is well."

2 KINGS iv. 26.

- "I DWELL among mine own, and I am blest,
 My husband, household, dear familiar
 friends;
 - I dwell among my people, and at rest,

 Thankful to God for all His goodness

 sends.
- I have enough, nay more," she meekly cried,—
 "I dwell among mine own, and I am satisfied."
 - Was there no boon a monarch could bestow,

 Nought that a prophet might demand on
 earth,

Nothing to cause that cup to overflow,

So filled with brimming blessings from

her birth?

"I dwell among mine own," she only said,—
"In this my happy home, and need no humanaid."

Riches were hers, but she was blessed with more

Than those in earthly treasure affluent,
Or garners teeming with their ripened
store—

A sweet and grateful spirit of content.

This was the great inheritance which Heaven

To the rich Shunammite had largely given.

One blessing long desired, but still denied,
Was wanting to that house of peace and
joy—

She had no son. The blessing was supplied; The mother smiled upon her infant boy.

But He whose love the long-sought blessing sent,

Now taught a higher lesson than content.

The blessing was recalled. The shades of death

Closed the fair eyelids of the lovely child.

The mother felt that with his parting breath

Earth of its sweetest blossom was despoiled;

But checked the strong temptation to rebel, And said, in meek submission, "It is well!"

O hard, sweet lesson! taught, my God, by Thee,

Deeply to suffer, and breathe no complaint, In resignation to Thy wise decree,

With the true wisdom of this gentle saint.

How blest the lot, when in one heart unite

Faith and content, as in the Shunammite!

And I am blest, though poor; I also dwell,
All loving, loved by all, "among mine
own;"

And I have learned to answer, "It is well,"
Under the deepest sorrow I have known.
Blest with true riches, in content of mind,
And the best happiness, a will resigned.

THE BIRD OF PASSE

"Behold the fowls of the sir." ST MATTHE

BIRD of passage, gladly rising On thy free and buoyant w All beneath thee lightly prizing Gardens, woods, and gushin

Swiftly on thy passage speedi Fearing nought, and bravi Past delights no longer heed True to thy mysterious c

Nothing from thy course c Check thy progress, sto Till thine outspread wings have borne thee

To some far-off sunny shore.

Ah, my soul! while earthly pleasures
Here below thy solace make,
Low ambitions, worthless treasures,
From that bird thy lesson take.

Listen to thy glorious message,

Turn from things of sense and time,
And be like that bird of passage,

Soaring to a happier clime.

Then, if once arrived, thy passage
Through this dreary world is o'er,
Thou shalt hear thy Saviour's message,
"Rest thee on this heavenly shore!"

COMPLETE IN CHRIST.

"As sorrowful, yet alway rejoicing; as poor, yet making many rich; as having nothing, and yet possessing all things."

2 Cor. vi. 10.

SORROWFUL, yet still rejoicing;
Poor, and yet possessing all;
Blest, although the world, deriding,
Madness my religion call.

Thus am I, since Thou hast sought me, Gracious Lord, and made me Thine; Raised me, comforted, and brought me To Thy feet, and Thou art mine.

THE MINISTERS OF THE GOSPEL.

"Take heed to the ministry which thou hast received in the Lord, that thou fulfil it." Col. iv. 17.

B^E a herald,—be a watchman,—
Golden seasons God will give:
Seek them, seize them, and improve them;
Some will hear, believe, and live.

Go, proclaim thy great Redeemer;

Speak at once, the moments fly;

Tell them Christ has died to save them,—

Lives, and pleads for them on high.

Be a pastor,—be an angel,—
Faithful to thy glorious trust;

Seek the sheep, and preach the gospel To them, ere they turn to dust.

Ere these deathless souls are summoned

To confront thee, face to face;

And the hireling's sentence sinks thee

Down to hell—the hireling's place.

CHILDREN'S HYMNS.

"And Jesus saith unto them, Yea; have ye never read, Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings thou hast perfected praise." ST MATT. xxi. 16.

COME, let us all rejoice and sing,
With grateful hearts our voices raise;
Sing like the joyful birds in spring—
Sing to the Lord our hymns of praise!

Come, let us sing! The children sung
When to Mount Zion Jesus rode,
And Salem's stately temple rung
With sweet hosannas to our God.

Let us all sing! The angels sing
Far, far above the cloudless sky,

When they adore their heavenly King, In all His glorious majesty.

Come, let us sing! Rejoice, rejoice,
For Jesus hears us while we sing;
And Jesus loves an infant's voice,
When their glad praises children bring.

Let us all sing our hymns below,
Singing at noon, at morn, at even;
Till, called by Jesus Christ, we go
Far sweeter songs to sing in heaven.

PARTING.

"The time of my departure is at hand." 2 TIMOTHY iv. 6.

THE night is come for the parting,
And those whom we love must go;
And the blinding tears are starting,
Whether we will or no.

Why this distrustful sadness?

For after this gloomy night

Cometh the morning's gladness,

With its cheering, golden light.

THE MOTHER.

"See, to the last, last verge, her infant steals."

ROGERS.

THE nurse was faithless; how the infant strayed

To the steep mountain top was never known.

An anxious mother, by some chance delayed, Was hurrying homeward, half ashamed to own,

E'en to herself, the terrors which had grown Within her heart; when, from the distant plain,

A lamb seemed wandering o'er those heights alone.

Approaching nearer, as she looked again,

At once the dreadful truth flashed on her
startled brain.

She shrieked not, wept not, but she turned to heaven,

For God's assistance, and then forward flew; Superior strength and speed were surely given.

She reached the summit: on the soft grass threw

Her trembling form; then, gently creeping, drew

Nearer, and nearer still: she tried to sing

His cradle song—he turned—she met his view;

Her arms extended. Ah! he does not spring,
And to her bursting heart relief and transport
bring.

Was it the sad expression that o'ercast

The transient smile her featurestried to wear?

Her quivering lip, the maniac look that past,

Brightening her eye with the wild light of

fear?

He stretched his hand to grasp a wild rose near, Whose waving garlands o'er the deep gulf hung:

He looked and laughed—bare was her breast, quite bare,

That instant ere he turned—right forward sprung

The boy, and round her neck with eager fondness clung.

With gentle firmness to her bosom then, She clasped her truant child, and fearfully, Some resting-place of safety tried to gain; But shuddered as she passed the dangers by, Where she had lately flown so fearlessly:

Paused, gazed, and trembled; vainly then essayed

To stir again, shaking convulsively;

She thought upon one never-failing aid,

Fell on her feeble knees, and with her full soul prayed.

- She placed her child beside her, and upheld
- His infant hands, while in his name she blest
- The God who heard her prayers: with transport swelled
- Her heart, which agony had long opprest
- With its dull, stifling weight; and, long represt,
- Her tears gushed forth in one continued shower.

- With such excess of joy her panting
- Seemed bursting, she had fainted in that hour,
- But strange, surpassing strength vouchsafed th' Almighty power.
 - The thin blue smoke in spiral volumes steals,
 - Clinging about the dark trees which enclose
 - The cottage; their deep tangled shade conceals
 - From frowning rocks; about the light birch throws
 - Its drooping branches, where, if rudely
 - (Tossing those wild wreaths furiously) the gale,

It breathes in whispers on the soft repose,

The living sleep of that deep quiet vale,

Rustling the leaves and flowers which sweetly

mournful wail.

But, ne'er forgetful of one hallowed time,

An aged woman leaves that sheltering wood,

That laughing valley and its milder clime, For the steep mountain's desert solitude, And worships, in her humble gratitude, At the high altars of the Deity:

Where heaven's own clouds, with purest breath imbued

Of fragrant blossoms, roll their incense high,

Beneath the eternal dome of th' deep azure sky.

- She loves the mountain winds which rudely blow
- Mid.her grey tresses; they recall the day,
- When, freshly breathing o'er her throbbing brow,
- They waved the curls of her dark hair away,
- And seemed her brain's wild fever to allay.
- She loves the fragrant tufts of mountain thyme,
- Yielding where'er her feeble footsteps stray.
- Each thought, each feeling, on those rocks sublime,
- Recalls to her glad soul that dreary dreadful time.

THE FORSAKEN.

MY heart is like a lonely lyre
Whose melody hath died away:
The flame of a neglected fire
Burning away.

And thou art like the careless fingers

Which tore those tuneless strings away;

The gale which, as the last spark lingers,

Wastes it away.

The world, the senseless world, remembers

The music which hath passed away;

Its tears have steeped the cold, cold embers,

But thou art gay.

TO THE NIGHTINGALE.

ON viewless wing the lark may rise,
Through fleecy clouds of changing dyes,
And hail the rising flood of light
With louder song and bolder flight;
Dearer to me that lonely vale,
Where thou art heard, sad nightingale.

When evening shadows deepen round,
And distant streams distinctly sound,
How richly swells thy mournful song,
The aspen's quivering leaves among;
How softly echo brings again
Each cadence of the dying strain!

Canst thou forsake thy chosen flower,

The rose of some bright Persian bower,

Whose leaves with deeper crimson glow,

With more delicious fragrance blow,

For daisied meads and hedgerow trees,

Where fragrant cowslips scent the freshening

breeze.

There is a lesson all may learn,

Sweet nightingale, from thy return—

Coming and going at God's will,

Obedient to thine instinct still;

While man, too often prone to stray,

Takes his own senseless headstrong way.

THE HARED. Will drooping bells of clearest blue, Thou didet allure my childish view. Almost resembling Where on the heath thy blossoms grew, The azure butterflies that flew,

Where feathery fern and golden broom Increase the sand-rock cavern's gloom, Mid tuits of purple heather bloom,

By vain Arachne's treacherous loom,

'Mid ruins crumbling to decay

Thy flowers their heavenly hues display,

Still freshly springing;

Where pride and pomp have passed away

On mossy tomb and turret grey,

Like friendship clinging.

When glow-worm lamps illume the scene,
And silver daisies dot the green,
Thy flowers revealing;
Perchance to soothe the fairy queen,
With faint, sweet tones on night serene,
Thy soft bells pealing.

Thee memory still delights to wear,

Entwining in her shadowy hair

Thy simple blossom;

Chief when the wild autumnal air

Thrills the fine chords of joy and care

Along her bosom.

What time each brighter bloom, arrayed
In transient beauty, is decayed,
And thou appearest
Alone, beneath the hedgerow shade,
Like joys that linger as they fade,
The last—and dearest.

Beneath e'en wintry tempests bleak,
So faintly fair, so sadly meek,
I've seen thee bending;
Pale as the pale-blue veins that streak
Consumption's thin transparent cheek,
With death-hues blending.

NOTE.—The last stanzas were added by a friend.

A VALLEY IN SAVOY.

"My Father made them all."

Cowper.

A H! when did painter's magic pencil trace
Scenes of such tranquil loveliness, com-

With beautiful and dread magnificence?
Where Art has lent not even her simplest grace,
But Nature smiles in bright unfading freshness,
Like Eve, amid the groves and garden bowers
Of Eden's verdant glades, when innocent,
In purity and love she calmly slept,
And the soul-breathing, god-like countenance
Of Adam over her enamoured hung;

When shame had never left upon the cheek
Its hot and guilty flush, nor dimmed with tears
The eye so beautiful and clear; nor hung
Its cloud upon the calm, majestic brow.
Were memory extinct, a thoughtful child
Might deem the glorious dawn of nature
glowed

Upon this cloudless sky, the earliest dew
Weighed down the fair heads of these tender
flowers

To the first sun, the lovely depths revealing
Of their ambrosial cells—might deem himself
The solitary inmate of the world,
And his light tread the only footstep traced
Upon the printless herbage by mankind.
How beautiful it is, this wondrous scene!
There, in their airy height pre-eminent,
The spiral mountains pierce the deep blue sky;
And in what graceful folds the fleecy clouds

Around them wreathe and sever. From their sides

The trickling rills of liquid silver steal,

Emerging in white lustre from the gloom

Of sombre pine-woods, whose dark branches
fringe

The spotless and perpetual snows above.

Mark how the brilliant sunbeams melt among
The cloudy spray of yonder stream, that pours
Its broad unbroken flood into the vale,
In hues of vivid splendour, blending there
The rich and delicate rainbow, or distinct,
With rays of golden light, the mist dividing.
Through lawns of emerald verdure rolls along
The swift and rushing river, o'er whose banks
Waves many a giant birch its drooping
wreaths,

From branches gleaming with a pearl-like lustre.

Here dark green beeches form a grove of shade,
Around whose polished trunks the eglantine
Its faintly blushing garlands lightly twines.
Art has not turned that crystal rivulet,
In mazy windings through the grassy plain:
Here gushing forth into a sparkling fountain,
'Mid scattered rocks o'ergrown with moss and
flowers;

Here smoothly flowing o'er the level mead,
With scarce a ripple on its glassy wave.
Art has not grouped the arching shrubs which
form

That bower o'ershadowed from the mid-day sun.

Mortality has never wantoned here,

And left the relics of a short-lived reign.

No crumbling columns, no disjointed plinth,

Profusely strew the ground in abject grace,

Where once the palace reared its sculptured walls,

Or, in their slight and delicate proportions,
Ionic shafts upheld the marble fane.
Here to lascivious gods the innocent maid
Has never knelt nor raised the choral song,
Nor culled the blossoms of this vale to waste
Their dying sweetness on some heathen shrine.
Seek for no Dryads in these peaceful shades,
Invoke no Genii in these glorious scenes;
For here the numbers of the Classic Muse,
With all their pomp of fabled imagery,
Would sound less sweetly than the careless
wind

Fanning the green leaves, and from every flower

Blending a stream of fragrance, as it flies,
With its own wild and plaintive melody,
Now rising louder through the clustered
trees,

Or dying as it lingers on the stream,

Which curls and dimples to its fitful breath.

Mark that bright butterfly, whose roving flight

Has settled on a Daphne's crimson blossom,
Opening and closing to the golden light
Its gem-like wings. Then to that monarch
Alp,

Rising in peerless majesty above

The loftiest mountains, turn thy wandering
gaze.

The God who decked that insect's plumy down

With hues so delicate, whose goodness gave
Colour and fragrance to each opening flower;
He who in temples made by mortal hands
Abideth not, with dread sublimity
Is throned upon the pathless mountain tops,
When in their wild tumultuous strife engage
The warring elements, disclosing now

Depths of ethereal flame, now darkly shrouding,

With thick and lurid canopy of clouds,

The heaven-aspiring heights. He smiles amid

The soft and silver webs that wreathingly,

In gauzy folds, hang round their giant sides,

Tinged by the rose hues which the snows are

flooding

When evening melts into the west away.

Oh! that in scenes like these, the meanly great,

Whose talents promised what their lives belied,

Should e'er have wandered, and refused to

join

In grateful eloquence with all around.

Rousseau! Voltaire! wisdom in vain for you

Displayed her stores of thought, in vain bestowed

Talents to captivate a listening world; Imperfect all without the guiding light Of humble piety. Rousseau, couldst thou

Borrow from Nature all her loveliest hues,

And imitate her simple elegance,

Dipping thy pencil in the beams of heaven,

To clothe and colour with ethereal beauty

The gross distempered images of sin?

Couldst thou, Voltaire, whose gifted genius

ahone

Brilliant alike on every varied theme,

Pour the cold lustre of thy heartless wit

To lure unheeding man to death eternal?

So the pale moonbeam on the beetling crag

Plays with her borrowed light, while dazzled

eyes

Behold not Death's dark horrors, darker made In many a hidden gulf which yawns below. Religion, like the sun, alone reveals In its true form the precipice of death, And banishes distorted light and shade. Still shall ye light the world; * e'en from the tomb

Departed Genius waves her quenchless flame, To prove a beacon-light to all mankind.

Still shall ye light the world, but wondering man

Shall view with mingled pity and disgust

Thy torches blazing with infernal fires,

And think upon his Saviour's words—"Beware,

Lest light should in thy bosom darkness prove."

^{*} The tombs of Rousseau and Voltaire, in the vaults of the Pantheon at Paris, exactly resemble each other, and from each a hand is extended, holding forth a flaming torch; and these words are inscribed on both the monuments—"I still illuminate the world."

THE CAPTIVE LARK.

SWEET bird! it grieves my very heart
To hear thy notes of joyous thrill,
And find thee here a prisoner
Against thy will.

A tuft of withered grass instead,

Of meadow green and breezy lawn;

A city's foggy atmosphere

For bright sun-dawn.

I cannot bear to see thee thrust

Through prison-bars thy crested head,
And, hopeless, run from side to side,

With dodging tread.

The luxury of song was given

For welkin wide and dewy heath,

Where spring leaves on the snow-white thorn

Her blush and breath.

The careless breeze that hovers round,
With nought to check its wandering,
Alone could match, if thou wert free,
Thy sportive wing.

And, shaken by thy heavenward flight,

When trembling harebells weep with dew,

That voice of rapture scarce betrays

That wing to view.

When Nature sought, with grateful heart,

For all her realm, a wing, a voice,

To soar with matin-song to heaven,

Thou wert her choice.

AUTUMN BREEZES.

A UTUMN gale! wild autumn gale!
Sing to me a sober wail!
Summer loves the joyous song;
Lightsome airs to spring belong;
Old December shouts with glee,
O'er wassail cup and revelry;
Them I note not, thee I call
To my sober festival.

Haste with sighs to woo the rose, Blooming not till summer's close; Seek her bower, but oh, beware! Not to romp or frolic there, Lest she lose her silken dress,
And her blushing loveliness—
Steal her fragrant breath, and bring
Odours on thy flutt'ring wing.

Hither, hither, autumn gale!
Turn thy flight, and quickly sail.
I see yon sweet bird's quiv'ring throat,
But scarcely hear his liquid note;
Turn thy flight, and to mine ear
Bring the music loud and clear.
Nearer—haste thee!—nearer still—
Now, go wander where you will.

Idle breeze! that plaintive sigh
Tells me thou art lingering nigh;
Where the fruit hangs golden now,
Roughly blow, and bend the bough;
Or, to please my wayward will,
Shake the branch—'tis easier still—

And drop the fruit that's ripe and sweet, On the green grass at my feet.

Autumn gale!—away, away!

We will seek yon ruin gray,

Where old Time hath hung his pall

O'er roofless aisle and ivied wall.

Ceasing now the wail you love,

O'er fading flower and leafless grove,

Lift that dusky pall, and show

The dim forgotten tales below;

Fancy lingers thereabout

To help your pleasant story out.

There before my wondering eyes,
See the sculptured stalls arise,
Hung with banners, stained and torn,
From the fields of battle borne.
Hush they while I peep between
The fretwork of that Gothic screen;

Silence! I would hear the prayer
Of the lady kneeling there.
What a meek and holy grace
Sits upon her fair young face;
Broken is her voice and weak,
Tears are trickling down her check;
Now her snowy palm is pressed
To her brow and to her breast;
Spotless are her robes that flow
On the marble steps below;
On her brow the silken snood
Of modest youth and maidenhood.

But now a mist begins to rise, And the lovely vision dies; Slowly all has passed away, Save roofless aisle and ruin gray. Night is coming; flit away, Till the dawn of cheerful day; Braid your loose hair round your brow With scarlet poppies, drooping low, That the dewy flowers may weep O'er your eyelids as you sleep; Fold your wing, and hang your head, And sink into your leafy bed.

What! returning! restless breeze!
Not so near, sir, if you please.
Hence! away! thou specious foe!
All too like some friends I know—
Boon companions, warm and gay,
While the golden sunbeams stay;
Rude and bitter cold, like thee,
In darkness and adversity.

TO A LADY.

YOU are very lovely, lady!
Soft and fair your skin;
Beauty's pencil has been there,
Blending colours fresh and rare:
Is all fair within?
Yes; that blush, with modest glow,
Sweetly tells what I would know.

You are very gentle, lady!

Humble and discreet;

Let not words of artless praise

Kindle anger in your gaze;

Praise is not unmeet,

When the lip of truth doth find Language for th' approving mind.

The charm of outward beauty, lady,
May attract the eye,
But like a lovely summer day,
The fairest charms must pass away
That on the surface lie;
But modest sweetness, void of art,
Alone can win and hold the heart.

You are very dear, sweet lady!

Will you hear my suit?

Honest is my love and pure,

Lasting while my days endure;

Why are you so mute?

Ah! you smile, and blush, and sigh,

I do ask no more reply.

THE SEAMAN'S WIFE.

DIMLY through our casement now
The parting gleams of daylight glow;
Deep in the waves the sun has set;—
But, dearest, I perceive not yet
Thy bounding bark, with snowy sail
Swelling to the evening gale.
Dreary and dull the hours to me,
While thou art on the treacherous sea!

Sleep has closed our baby's eyes,
In her cradle hushed she lies.
'Tis darker still, 'tis darkest night—
I vainly strain my anxious sight;
I listen, but the breeze is gone,
The sullen surges sound alone:

Leave, oh leave, the treacherous sea! Return, return, and comfort me!

It must be so. A lurid haze
Steals o'er the beacon's lambeut blaze;
Ah! the fog spreads, it thickens fast;
One gleam yet struggles—'tis the last!
My love, my life! it shines no more,
To guide thy bark the breakers o'er;
He sinks beneath the treacherous sea,
And never will return to me!

Cease, cease thy wail, distrustful heart!

Dark fears, rebellious doubts, depart!

He who alone can walk the wave,

Does He not hear? Shall He not save?

Hark! on the stillness sweetly falls

A step! a voice! 'tis me it calls!

Safe from the dark and treacherous sea,

He comes, at last, to comfort me!

ON A GRECIAN MIRROR.

WITHIN this mirror's burnished sphere
What features may have softly shone;
What eyes have fixed their glances here,
On loveliness, for ever gone!

Here, fading with the fading charms
Which once within thy circle burned,
The Amazon's resplendent arms
Perchance thy surface hath returned;

And, as her warlike, wild attire,
In careless haste was round her thrown,
Flashed, from her eyes of martial fire,
A lustre, brighter than its own.

Or some heroic matron sought

(The battle's dreaded conflict near)

To smooth the brow of anxious thought,

And hide the involuntary tear;

Composed, with sadly brightening smile,
The mild, pale features of her face;
Here practised oft the virtuous guile,
And calmly met the last embrace.

Perchance to Christian virgin's cell

The useless mirror hath been given,

Where looks no longer fondly fell

From one who lived alone for heaven.

There, on the ground neglected flung,
Its lustre first began to fade,
Since vanity no longer hung
Enamoured on the beauteous shade.

The cheek with holy rapture glowing;
The hair unbraided, unconfined;
The eyes with tears repentant flowing,
Sought but a mirror for the mind.

Here, all defaced with cankered stains,

The mirror now reflects no more;

And scarce a glimmering trace remains

Of the bright surface that it bore.

There is a mirror. Who could e'er conceive

A marvel of such exquisite perfection,

Or cause the shining surface to receive

So life-like and so faithful a reflection?

No ancient mirror of Corinthian brass,

Fashioned and burnished by consummate
skill;

Or modern mirror of Venetian glass, Could match that looking-glass, or ever will. That wondrous mirror, which no mortal art

Could ever fabricate, much less surpass,

Which searches and reflects each inward part—

The Word of God is that true looking-glass.

In other mirrors we behold the looks,

The outward features every eye may scan;

All is reflected in the Book of books,

All thoughts, all feelings of the inner man.

Grant, blessed Lord, that while we sojourn here,

Our eyes may ever seek that looking-glass— Behold ourselves, and see Thine image there, Until from earth to heaven our spirits pass.

FIRST PURE, THEN PEACEABLE.

"The wisdom that is from above is first pure, then peaceable."

JAMES iii. 17.

NOT first the peaceable, and then the pure,*
But first the pure, and then the hallowed
peace;

A holy warfare we must first endure,

Until, through Christ, we conquer, and the

conflict cease.

But first the pure; for stagnant pools may show A surface such as limpid waters wear;

* I have taken the idea in the above lines from the beautiful hymn of the Rev. Horatius Bonar—the first hymn in the first series of his "Hymns of Faith and Hope"—

"'Tis first the true, and then the beautiful, Not first the beautiful, and then the true."

- Stir the foul depths, the mire and dirt below Will change to turbid scum that surface calm and clear.
- Such is the wisdom, God of grace and love—
 "First pure, then peaceable"—as taught by
 Thee!
- The true, the holy wisdom from above—

 I ask no other wisdom, Lord; oh! teach
 Thou me.
- Teach me to know my own deceitful heart;

 To bow submissive to Thy chastening rod;

 Cleanse Thou my inward man in every part,

 That, with the pure in heart, I may behold my God.
- Not first Thy blessed peace, but sore affliction, False peace refused, self loathed, and sin abhorred,

The cry for mercy under deep conviction,

Then peace and comfort from my gracious

Lord.

Cleansed by Thy blood, O Christ, from guilt and sin,

All that Thou hast forbidden I forsake!

Then, daily seeking purity within,

Thy legacy of peace I humbly claim for Thy dear sake.

THE COTTAGER'S EVENTIDE.

"The Lord shall be a light."

MICAH vii. 8.

THE sun's last ray of glory dies away,

The calm still hour of evening prayer is

come,

Together let us sing, together pray,

That God will sanctify our humble home.

How pleasant thus to meet! the daily task

Has ended with the sun's departing light,

And many a blessing more that we could ask

Has crowned our honest toil from morn till

night.

- All seek their rest; the flocks and herds repose,

 The silent birds are roosting on the bough,

 And light and balmy slumbers softly close

 The wearied eyelids of the children now.
- One voice alone is heard. The nightingale,
 In sweetest song all other songs excelling,
 Pours forth its plaintive and melodious wail
 Through the dark wood that skirts our lowly
 dwelling.
- Let us light up the lamp; no twilight gloom.

 Should gather round us while we sing and pray,
- But cheerful light illuminate the room,

 And every darkening shadow chase away.
- Open the Bible; in His Word we hear,

 As from our Father's voice, His will, His

 mind;

Sweeter than honey is the sweetness there, Treasure more precious far than gold refined.

For what so sweet as that which Jesus said—
Thy sins are pardoned by the Son of God?
And what so precious as the ransom paid,
By that Redeemer's own most precious
blood?

Come let us all, in lowly reverence kneeling,

Lay at our Father's feet our every care;

And, to our Saviour's tender love appealing,

Pour out our hearts to God in earnest

prayer.

Now let us sing, our joyful voices raise

With angels in the heavenly courts above;

Less sweet the song we sing, more faint the

praise,

But far, oh far more deep the debt of love!

Light of our life! to us it is not night,

For Thou, most gracious Jesus, Thou art
here.

To faith revealed, though not to mortal sight,

Our fainting, yet our trusting hearts to

cheer.

And Thou, O gracious Spirit! deign to come,

Never to urgent, humble prayer denied,

Shed Thy sweet influence o'er our cottage

home,

And with us now and evermore abide.

Oh! keep us watchful, with a holy fear,

Lest from our Saviour's narrow path we

stray—

His only pathway while He sojourned here—

And lead us onward in that narrow way.

Alone, when in the quiet fields I toil

For the dear children and the wife I love,

Lead my thoughts upward from this earthly

soil,

To the delightsome Paradise above.

And when that day comes round, the brightest, best,

The day to man by God in mercy given, Spirit Divine! by that sweet earthly rest, Prepare us for the endless rest in heaven.

Be with us still, alike by night and day,

Spirit of life, and light, and love, and power!

Be always with us, when we sing and pray,

Be with us at this hallowed evening hour!

HOPE FOR THE HOPELESS.

WHY on the past for ever thinking,
With not a hope for future years;
From every consolation shrinking,
Bowed down by grief and groundless fears?

Because my Lord my God forsaking,
With sullen pride I turned away;
And now, although my heart is breaking,
I cannot weep, I dare not pray.

Oh! say not that my fears are groundless,

I know too well that cannot be;

Nor tell me that His love is boundless,

Oh! if to others, not to me!

A deep despair has settled o'er me;

The hope to be forgiven gone;

The prospect is all dark before me,

My conscience seared, my heart a stone.

Poor sufferer! I would not deceive thee,
A sinner against light thou art;
No mortal power could e'er relieve thee,
Or cleanse thy vile and wicked heart.

Awakened now by strong conviction,
And brought to see thy real state,
I wonder not at thy affliction;
But no—it is not yet too late.

Not yet too late to cry to Jesus;

He died to save us from all sin;

And when in deep distress He sees us,

He seeks the rebel's heart to win.

Add not to every past transgression

A wilful, sullen, dark despair;

His grace and love, beyond expression,

Invite thee now to instant prayer.

For sinners there is no exemption;
And who can say he sinneth not?

Or that he needeth no redemption,

No cleansing from each guilty spot?

It is the tempter's dark suggestion,

To make thee doubt the Saviour's power;

His purpose or His will to question,

To save at the eleventh hour.

Despond no more, since time is given—

Time to repent, believe, and pray—
That so the tempter may be driven

From thy distrustful heart away.

Keep, then, this simple fact before thee, From doubt and fear to set thee free; Thy gracious God doth not abhor thee; He hates thy sin, but loveth thee!

And let this cheering truth revive thee—
Come unto Jesus as thou art;
The powers of hell can ue'er deprive thee
Of faith, and hope, and comfort to thy
troubled heart.

LINES WRITTEN IN A BIBLE.

UNDER their leaves do fragrant violets lie,
Shut up and hidden from the heedless
eye;

Hidden the gold vein lies, and underground;
Hidden the pearl, and in deep ocean found:
Ah! who can estimate, most gracious Lord,
The hidden treasures of Thy sacred Word?
Who would not search, with fixed and earnest mind,

Riches of grace and glory here to find? Search, then, oh! daily search, and daily pray, And God will guide and bless thee day by day.

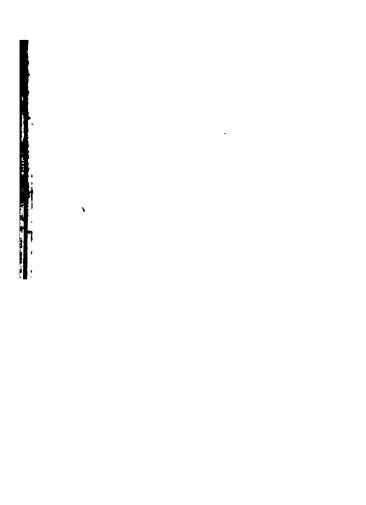


NOTE

"Rome is essentially a Pagan city. With very rare exceptions indeed, the worship of the people in the churches has nothing in common with Christianity. The Son of God has, as matter of fact, ceased to be an object of their adoration. The Eternal Father is found in their pictures as an old man, the Divine Saviour as a little child; but both are subservient, and nearly all their worship is subservient, to one purpose—to the glorification of a great goddess." *

"Better any secular misgovernment than the present hideous blasphemy against God and man; better any measure of earthly injustice than this assertion (of the priesthood) of celestial right and infernal wrong." †

See Dean Alford's "Letters from Abroad," p. 73.
 † Ibid, p. 134.



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